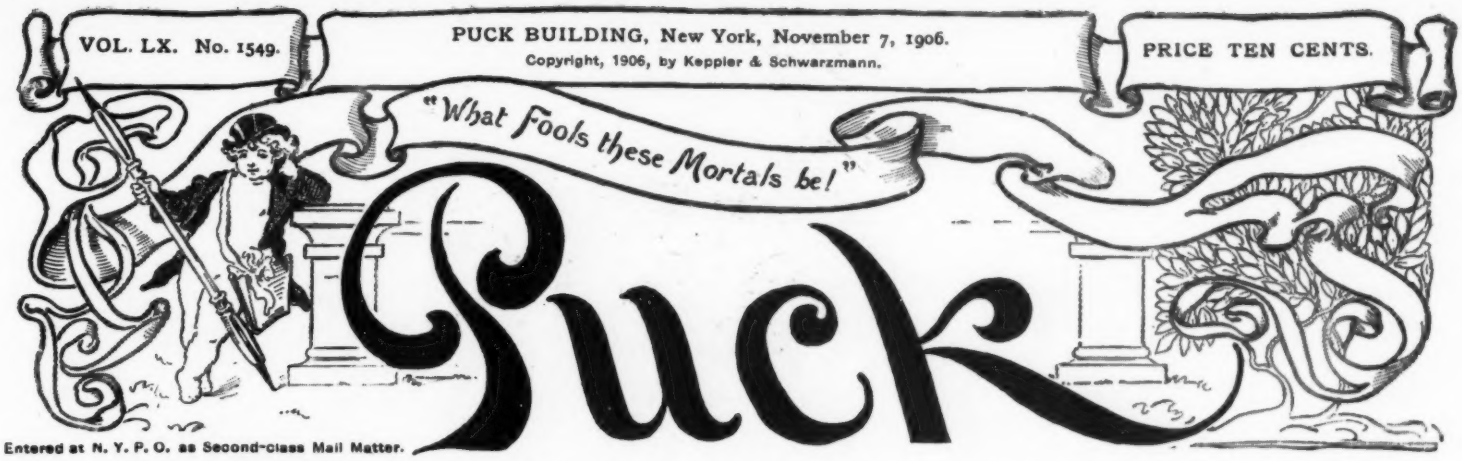
VOL. LX. No. 1549. PUCK BUILDING, New York, November 7, 1906. PRICE TEN CENTS.
Copyright, 1906, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE UNIVERSE.

THE MARTIANS.—Yag be thanked, it's all over! We can get a little sleep now that we know how the New York election came out.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1549. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1906
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. $5.00 per year.
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

FIRST CROKER sued for libel, then Murphy threatened to. Tweed is more or less handicapped, being dead.

IT WAS only a little while ago that people were hurrahing over the homecoming of William Jennings Bryan.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, surgeon to King Edward, says that canned meats which contain floor sweepings and pieces of rats and man are harmless because they are cooked, and probably were healthy before they were cooked. Should he wish to leave England, Sir Frederick could be sure of a nice, lucrative practice in Chicago.

THE CHICAGO *Daily Socialist*, edited by J. M. Patterson, has appeared. Mr. Patterson is the young man who, in the phrase of Mr. Dooley, became a Socialist by studying his father.

IN READING a list of poets "Every one should know" did you ever notice that most of the poems were those you had never heard of before?— *Atchison Globe.*

That is why you should know them.

THE Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn begins all his speeches with "The last time I talked with Mr. Gladstone." Probably he wakes up in the middle of the night mumbling the same phrase.

LISTEN to the conversation between any two workmen and you will hear them knocking their boss.

IN THE cabinet race Mr. Oscar S. Strauss, it would appear, won by a nose.

PUBLICITY is the important feature of the new divorce law to be considered by the Divorce Congress. As if the front pages of our newspapers did not already reek with the details of marital incompatibility. Most divorce suits should be tried in a coal mine.

CARNEGIE'S enthusiasm for simplified spelling is readily accounted for. It is all a matter of measurements, linear, square and cubic. The simpler the spelling, the more words you can put on a printed page. The more words to the page, the fewer pages it takes to tell a "best selling" story. The fewer pages to the story, the more books you can get in a given space. The more books you can jam in a given space, the greater the everlasting benefits of Carnegie libraries. What could be clearer?

SECRET PRACTICE.

IF BOSTON were a really cultivated town, it never would permit the *Boston Globe* to use such abominable abbreviations as "Sec" Shaw.—*The Sun.*

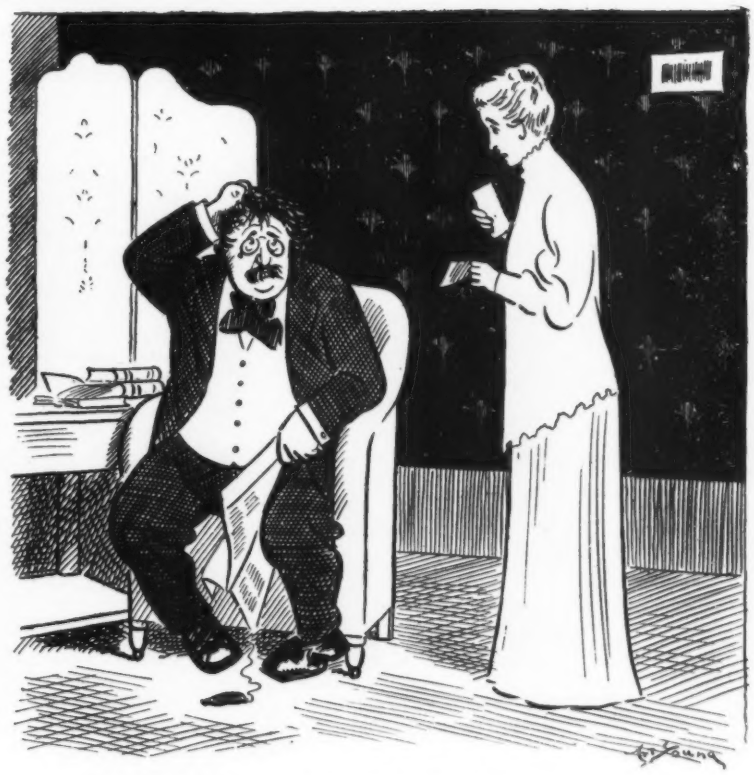
Still, that isn't any worse than "thru", which some persons who pretend to culture would force upon us.

ALL THAT a New York woman could or would testify when her cook was being tried for bigamy, was that "Augusta was an excellent cook and she was sorry to lose her." We don't mind saying that if *we* had a good cook, who liked the place, we would forgive her all the crimes in the calendar.

DON'T our vaudeville managers know a head-liner when they see one? If they do, how is it that "The Shaws, Bernard and Leslie," are still unsigned?

THE THEORY OF SOCIALISM AND THE PRACTICE.

OSCAR PUFF *(professional socialist)*.—Now, my friends, in conclusion, let us keep ever before us the duty of interest in others; let us meet all with an open hand, ready to do hospitable service, conscious that one man is as good as another and a deserving member of the human family.



HIS WIFE *(the next day)*.—Oscar, I've just got a letter from poor Henry. He says he will visit us for a week on his way to Schenectady.

OSCAR.—*What's that?* That jay out in Saginaw? What's he to *me?* Does he think I married the whole family?

A PLAN THAT FAILED.

"DARLING," said Milton to his wife after they had settled down in the parlor car that bore them away on their honeymoon, "isn't it a great thing to know—that we are going to quiet, unfrequented places, where we can be entirely undisturbed."

"Perfectly lovely," replied his pride. "Why I never even heard of the village we are going to."

"That's why I selected it."

Both Milton and his wife were well known in the social world. One of the most unpleasant features about their courtship was the difficulty of getting alone.

At evening they arrived at their destination.

After supper they were sitting quietly on the piazza, when there was a sudden whirring noise. A huge motor car came up.

Milton pressed his wife's hand.

"Jack Filbert," he whispered. "He may not see us."

But he was disappointed; Filbert had spotted him at once.

"Hello, Charlie, old man," he called out. "Ah, yes, on your honeymoon." He shook hands.

"How did you happen to come by here?" asked Milton. "Isn't this road to Philadelphia rather unfrequented?"

"Yes, that's why we took it. The main road is too crowded."

"I see."

The next morning as they came down to breakfast, Mrs. Milton clutched her husband's arm.

"Look!" she whispered, "the Kings."

They all rose up.

"You here! What a surprise!"

"And you. How did you come?"

King laughed.

"On a motor trip," he said. "Came this way to get a new road."

By noon most of the people whom Milton and his bride had ever known, had stopped at the inn. They hadn't had a moment to themselves. Milton grabbed his wife and took her hastily aside.

"It's no use," he muttered. "Pack up."

"Isn't it dreadful?" she sobbed. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going," replied Milton, "to Niagara Falls, where we can be alone." *Tom Masson.*

"WITH THIS RING I THEE WED."

A SUGGESTION TO UNMARRIED MOTORISTS WHO BREAK DOWN TOO LATE TO GO HOME WITHOUT SCANDAL.

Peace Congresses will sit more or less vainly as long as it is genuine fun for boys to kill a toad.

CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.

As our Modern Magazine Artists Would Probably Portray Them.

Bill Sikes and his Dog.

Little Nell and her Grandfather.

Uriah Heep.

ALL ONE FAMILY.

The Editor of *McBluffibuddy's Magazine* to His Beloved Readers.

Did you notice our new cover design for this month? Is it not wonderful? We believe our readers will especially appreciate our efforts to procure nothing but the best in the way of cover designs. But there are other and graver matters of which we wish to speak.

In thus speaking we take considerable pride in assuming that we are all one family — we editors and readers of *McBluffibuddy's;* aye and our dear advertisers, too. There can be no secrets in a family circle like this.

So we are going to take you in our confidence, and tell you just what we hope to do. We want, with your approval and hearty co-operation, to increase the circulation of *McBluffibuddy's* to a million and three-quarters this month. Last month we said we would try for a million and a half. You, our noble readers, responded to our appeal in a way that simply brought tears to our eyes. What we ask you to do this month is to buy two copies apiece, and mention to your friends and neighbors, that they, also, will be welcome to the great family of *McBluffibuddy's.* We are sure you will do this, for our mutual advancement and gratification. Remember, *McBluffibuddy's* is a militant magazine, for God and Country, and — You.

You are after all really the ones to say what *McBluffibuddy's* shall be and what it shall do. You notice we have discontinued quite so much muckrakery as we had a while ago; we got a notion it didn't pay as well as it used to. These pages are yours, all yours, dear readers; if you see anything you don't like, please write to us about it immediately, enclosing four dollars, as a guarantee of good faith, that we may know you are not an imposter.

We believe we have some of the most astonishingly good articles ever printed in any magazine in the world, this month. Note our splendid series of interviews with prominent authors, with pictures showing them writing with red ink, and dictating to stenographers out of either corner of the mouth, besides,— making, in all, three novels being written at once. Who would have supposed it possible,

A FROST FOR THEM.

MacBooth Rantington.— Yes, old man, yesterday I underwent the operation.

Acton Barnes.— Do the doctors consider it a success?

MacBooth Rantington *(smiling faintly).* — Rather more of an artistic success than a financial one, I surmise.

The great trouble with success is that it rather spoils us for failure, which is the chief business of life.

—unless they read the works of these remarkable men. Truly, our civilization knows no greater sight than the inspiring spectacle of the great American Novelist. *McBluffibuddy's* leads in matters of Literature. The cuts alone of this article cost eighteen thousand dollars. But we spare no expense to make *McBluffibuddy's* the Greatest Magazine in the world—a magazine fitting for the noble host of readers whose proud boast it must ever be that *it is theirs.* And to this we add our hearty Amen.

Another little matter: We are considering the advisability of raising the price of *McBluffibuddy's* to twenty cents. Month after month, people file into our office and congest our editorial rooms, to make this inquiry: "How Can You Do It For the Money?"—Precisely. Well, now honestly, dear readers, do you not believe it might increase our power for good, and make us even a greater factor in the splendid fight for God and Home etc., if we were to raise the price of *McBluffibuddy's* to twenty cents? This has not yet been done by any other magazine, so far as we are aware; there have been several rather indifferent magazines sold for ten cents; a notable instance of the wonderful results obtained by charging fifteen cents you have before you in the present number of *McBluffibuddy's. Don't you want to make it even better yet?* Would you not like to help us to do this, by contributing just an extra nickel to Our Cause each month? Our Cause is *yours*, first, last and all the time. *McBluffibuddy's belongs to its readers!* Don't forget that. Remember, whether you shall pay fifteen cents, or twenty cents for this magazine does not concern us so much as whether you feel *Right* about it. There must be no *wrong* feeling in the harmonious circle of *McBluffibuddy's* million and three-quarters of subscribers. And will you not help us swell the number of copies next month to *two million?* We are truly anxious to accomplish this grand result. Will you not aid us? And in regard to the price of the magazine, we shall have a still further announcement to make next month. We believe that when we take you into our confidence concerning some matters now developing, the whole great army of *McBluffibuddy's* readers will come forward and *insist* that we charge twenty cents in the future for each and every copy of Our great magazine. We shall see.

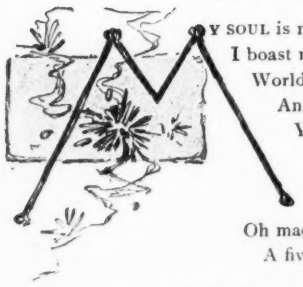
Fred Ladd.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

MR. RABBIT.—Bunny, my son, how would you like to have about fourteen little baby brothers and sisters?

"SUDDENLY, THREE-EYED MIKE HEARD THE SHARP CRACK OF A RIFLE——"

THE OLD COAT-POCKET.



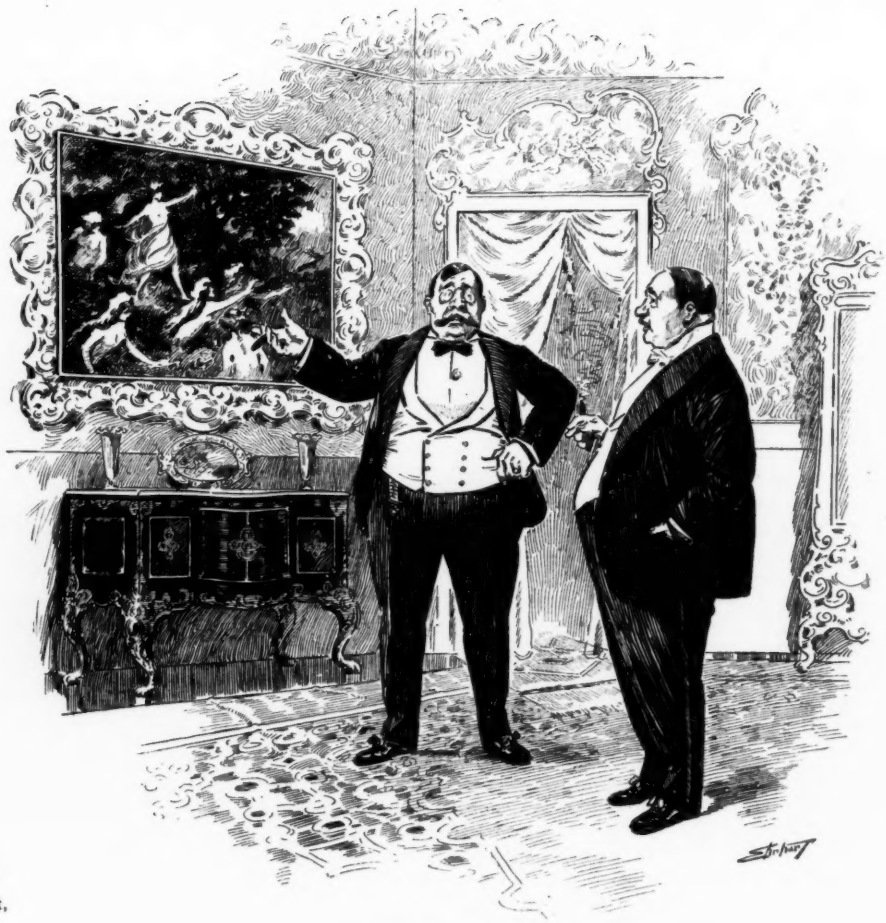
MY SOUL is not atuned to joy;
I boast no loose enthusiasms;
Worldly successes but annoy
And plaudits bore me into spasms;
Yet there's one pleasure makes my mind
Shoot stars of gladness, like a rocket.
Oh maddest, mightiest joy to find
A fiver in an old coat-pocket!

I used, of course, as children will,
To glean from books some cheerful hours;
A play, perchance, might cause a thrill;
Nay, even girls had charming powers.
Now, being utterly blasè,
I walk a rut and fill a socket—
Except—Whooroop!—when Fate doth lay
A fiver in my old coat-pocket.

Ah, how all arguments, combined,
Refute the systematic person
Who always knows just where to find
His shoes—or rhymes to round a verse on.
Oh, Fortune, save me from his lot,
Who knows his purse as 't were a docket!
I'll ne'er keep books, for then I'd not
Find fivers in my old coat-pocket.

I am a cynic, yet how dear
To me is life's delicious flavor!
For it is now the time of year
When breezes get the wintry savor—
The time when, needing clothes, one drags
His wardrobe out—perhaps to "hock" it,
And—Oh belovèd, blessèd rags!—
A fiver in that old coat-pocket!

Chester Firkins.



PITTSBURG MYTHOLOGY.

PITTSBURG MILLIONAIRE.—There's a swell copy of "Diana's Hunt."

HIS FRIEND.—So? Who the deuce was Diana, anyhow?

PITTSBURG MILLIONAIRE.—What? And you visiting New York most every month? Why, Diana's the fairy doing the pose on Madison Square Garden tower!

THE SILVER LINING.

"YOUR nephew, that 's studyin' to be a doctor——?"

"Well, now, he ain't by any means as useless as you 'd naturally think," philosophically said honest Farmer Hornbeak. "When he comes home on a vacation I make him not only kill the chickens, as occasion arises, but dress 'em, into the bargain; and what little knowledge he has already got of surgery enables him to do a more artistic job than any of the rest of us can do, in spite of all the practice we have had in an unscientific way. A college education, Enoch, has its bright side, even if it does cost considerable."

HIS ONE OVERSIGHT.

JAPHET *(tenth day out)*.—I'll tell you what makes the cat animals roar so, Pop; they're howling for fresh meat.

NOAH.—Darn the luck! I knew I'd forget something! There isn't an ounce of boric acid on board!

IN DANGER.

"I HAVE often stood in a slaughter house," observed the fleshy man from Chicago, "while the butchers were killing hogs on all sides of me."

"Oh," exclaimed the tender-hearted but tactless New Haven girl, "weren't you dreadfully afraid?"

WHY?

BABY 's such a funny chap;
To boys he chuckles, "Goo-goo!"
But when he sees the girls go by,
He gurgles, "Peek-a-boo-boo!"

NOT HIS FAULT.

CITY MAN.—That was quite a decent speech your candidate made last night.

COUNTRY MAN.—Well, yes, t'was so; but he can cuss and blaspheme like old Sam Hill when thar ain't no women present ter curb him.

A NECESSARY INGREDIENT.

"WHAT'S become of the football game we were to have this afternoon?"

"It was postponed on account of dry grounds."

WINDOW DESIGNS FOR THE FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

BE AN EDITOR!

PUBLISH A MAGAZINE—WE TEACH YOU HOW BY MAIL.

MORE MONEY is being made in the magazine publishing business nowadays than ever before. Are you getting your share of this wealth? Are you one of the editors that own twelve automobiles and three pairs of solid silver cuff buttons? If not, we can teach you by mail how to be an editor and publish a magazine in your home town by working evenings. The publishing business is most delightful and beside the NATIONAL importance which you can easily attain with your periodical, you will also have the satisfaction of making a goodly sum of money with little labor. Many of our pupils make from $12,000 to $15,000 a month!

Our course is very nominal in cost and considering what we give for your money the tuition fee is wonderfully low. Among the vast number of subjects that we treat may be mentioned the following: "The Proper Style of Rejection Slip to Use," "The Preparation of an Entertaining Talk With Your Readers Each Issue," "How to Distinguish Poetry From Rot" and "The Art of Padding Circulation Figures."

With every Course of Instruction we also give absolutely free a great feature article for your first number. It is by Dr. Arthur G. Jimjams, the noted physician, and is entitled: "The Medulla Oblongata in Song and Story." This article is alone well worth the price of instruction.

BE AN EDITOR! WRITE TO-DAY!

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF EDITING AND MAGAZINE PUBLISHING.

BOX 7-11. RANTON, PA.

GLORIA MUNDI.

"SPEAK of me," quoth the novelist, magnanimously, "as frankly as if I had been dead a hundred years."

"If you had been dead a hundred years, I shouldn't be speaking of you at all," replied the critic, taking prompt advantage of the dispensation.

Many a man would be happily married if it wasn't for his wife.

THE PUCK PRESS

THE POLITICAL UNC

SIMON LEGREE TILLMAN. — Don't I own you, body and s
UNCLE TOM — Yuh may own mah body, Marse Tillman,

OLITICAL UNCLE TOMMERS.

t I own you, body and soul, you black dog?
ah body, Marse Tillman, but mah soul belongs t' de Republican Pahty!

Novembernox.

HELICON HALL.

["The lady at present in the kitchen is a graduate of Cornell. Her intention is to complete her degree of Ph.D. at Columbia. How's that?"—*Utopia Sinclair.*]

No common Bridgetta is queen of the roast
In the Settlement planned by Utopia Sinclair,
But a dame of degree, a near-Ph.D.,
Prepares eruditely our Socialist fare.
No amorous copper comes hanging around
To taste of the pies or the lips of our cook:
A Harvard professor might hope to caress her,
But nobody less would escape a rebuke

The lady who mangles our Socialist wash
Is skilled at the tubs and is lit'ry withal;
When not at the mangle she leads in the wrangle
Of intellect nightly in Helicon Hall.
The chambermaid, too, is a lady of letters,
Who sings at her work up the lit'ry backstair.
The scullion writes verses to read to the nurses
Who take out our Socialist children to air.

The housekeeper 's published a volume of essays;
The man who sifts ashes has lectured for years;
The doctor writes leaders for Socialist readers
Of Socialist monthlies like Gaylord Wilshire's.
Oh, never was gathered 'neath one set of rafters
A colony which could remotely compare,
In weight of gray matter and talent for chatter,
With that which was planned by Utopia Sinclair.

THE CAREFUL MOTHER.

Poultney Bigelow spent forty-eight hours on the Isthmus, and reported everything all wrong. Secretary Root stopped off on the neck a similar length of time, and reported everything all right; we have forgotten how long Lindsay Denison remained there, but it was insufficient to establish a voting residence. But when the Great Investigator gets there, next week, we shall know all about it. Meantime information in cheering chunks comes to us from all parts of the world except Panama. Main Guy Shonts, who is visiting his aged aunt in Racine, Wis., sends word that 11,000 shovelfuls were taken out of the ditch the day before yesterday. Chief Engineer Stevens, who is exploring the country southeast of Hudson's Bay, reports that work on Culebra Cut is progressing famously. Colonel Gorgas, chief sanitary officer, who is spending a few weeks in Paris, cables that he is much pleased with the manner in which the laborers of northern Spain go against the Isthmian climate. His secretary, Mr. Huckleback, who is at his home on Cape Cod for a brief rest, is quite sure that the canal will be completed within a couple of centuries. Similarly encouraging dispatches may be expected any day from Tromsoe, Aden, Winnipeg, Terra del Fuego and Munich. But we are reserving opinion till we hear from Mr. Roosevelt.

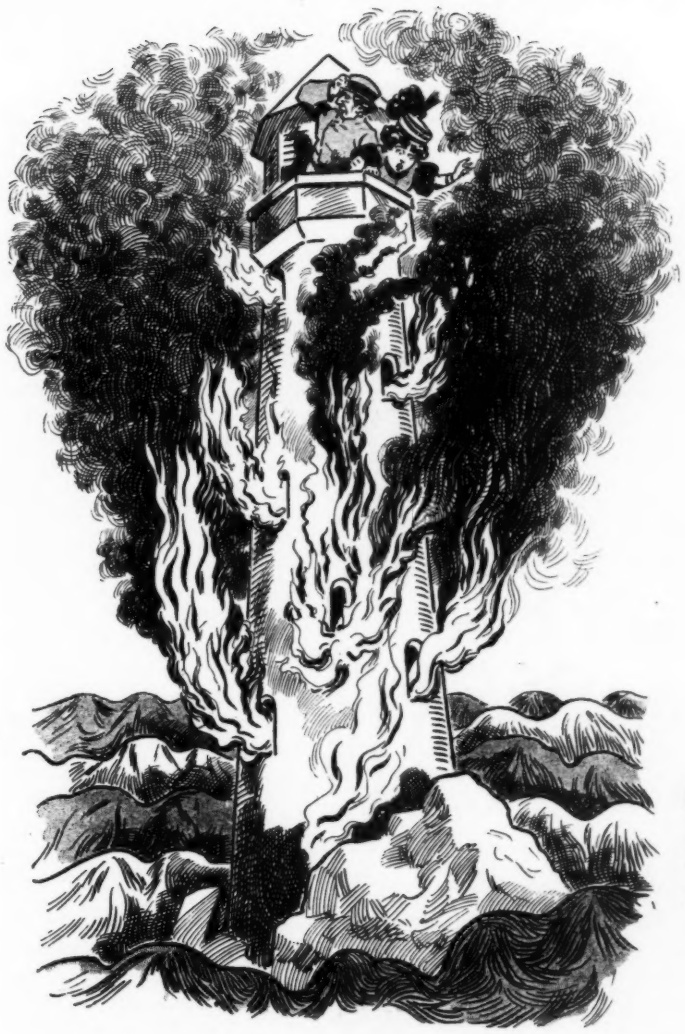
A BAD PASS.

Captain Varsity Eleven (*at the training table*).—What's the matter with you, Gouger? I said 6—11—37—B! Don't you know better than to pass the butter when I give the mustard signal?

"I am Elijah," said Dowie. "I am Pericles," says Elbert Hubbard. But neither Elijah nor Pericles was a faker. Guess again, Fra. *B. L. T.*

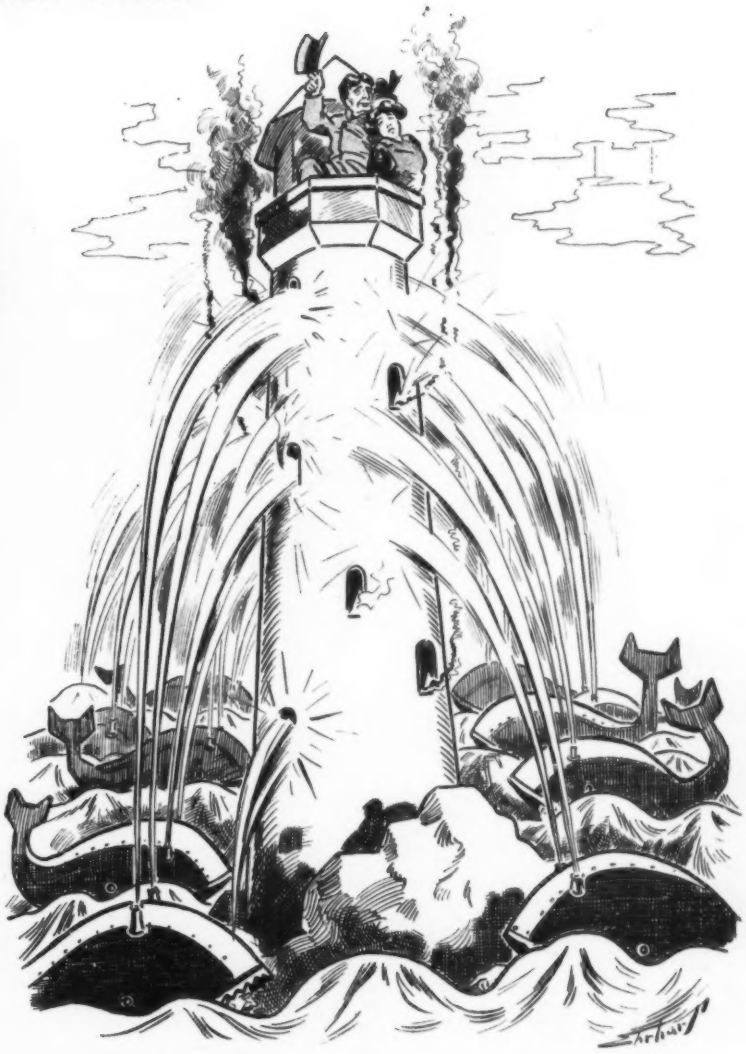
When you see a millionaire socialist, it is safe betting he didn't make the money himself.

THE VERY LATEST THRILLER.



I.

THE LONG SUFFERING PAIR *(in the great lighthouse scene)*.—They have left us to our fate, the villains! There is no hope! All is lost!



II.

THE HERO *(as the whales spout dramatically)*.—Geraldine, it is the act of Providence!!!

NOT FRIENDLESS.

SOME PEOPLE shed their idle tears, if they be witnessing a play,
Whene'er the heroine appears, or hero has a line to say.
For such as these I little care. My sympathies, I must confess,
Are with that most unhappy pair, the villain and the villainess.

Why should the brine run down my nose, I ask of you, my worthy friend,
About the hero's paltry woes? He's bound to win out in the end.
The villain with his cigarette, he knows what trouble is, I guess.
My sympathies they'll always get, the villain and the villainess.

The villain and his hapless mate, they get thrown down on every side;
To be forever foiled their fate, whilst yokels grin and boors deride.
The hero's woes are all a myth, the heroine's are something less.
My sympathies, by cripes, are with the villain and the villainess.

Will S. Adkins.

A HINT TO MAGAZINEDOM.

WE notice that a number of magazines are printing the author's residence after his name in the headings of the various stories, articles and poems. This is a good idea but it has a number of undeveloped possibilities which we would like to see utilized. For instance, the heading of a story might also state whether or not the author is married. It might give his age, height, weight and a great many other important items. We would like to see future magazine headings run on something of this order:

HER LOVE KNOT.

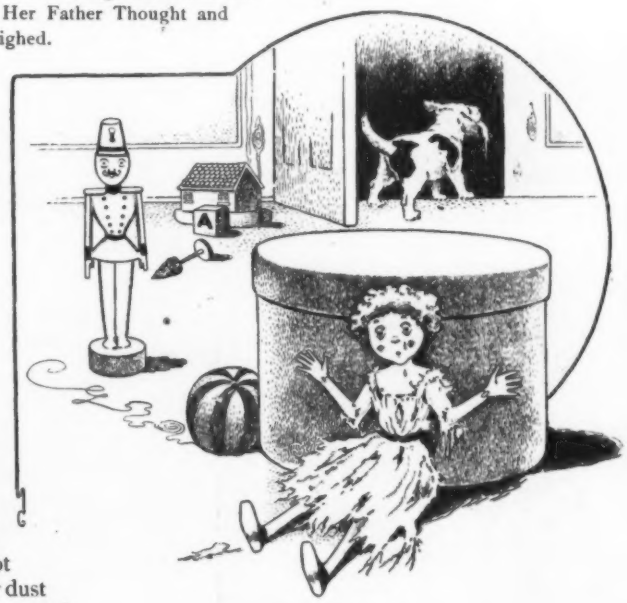
By Percival DePuyster Pash. Age, twenty-five. Height, 5 ft. 9 in. Weight, 155 pounds. Unmarried but is looking out for an affinity with something in her own right. Is a native of Pegasus Bank, Ind., where he was born and recived his education. Smokes three cigars a day and eats his soup with a spoon. Father is engaged in agriculture. Other stories by this author (unpublished) are: Weary Willie's Castigation, Under the Green Moon, What Her Father Thought and Wanted But Not Weighed.

In our opinion this feature would greatly enhance the value of almost any magazine in the country.

HELPFUL.

MRS. HELPHUNTER.—A young, strong girl like you from South Carolina ought to be able to do something around a house even if you cannot bake, wash, iron or dust furniture. Can't you do anything?

"Um-um, Missy, ya-as, ah kin cook yo' a gorjus possum dinnah. Ya-a-as, indeedy."



IN PLAYTOWN.

THE DOLL.—Mercy! This is terrible! That puppy has chewed up my only gown and here comes a dashing young officer of the guard!

Still Bitter.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this package?"

"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife, indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah! I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Interested.

Bill.—I see the first meerschaum pipe was made by Karol Howater in 1723. This pipe is still in the Pesth museum.

Jill.—Is it colored yet, do you suppose?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Every Monday we wonder what people do on Sunday to make them so cross on Monday. We know what we did: we ate gravy, and chicken dumplings, and pie.—*Atchison Globe.*

Wilson—

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle:

That's All!

Miller

HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

FROM WHAT IT IS MADE

To obtain a uniform Barley, we have built a new, up-to-date Malt House in the Best Barley section of Wisconsin, and Wisconsin is conceded to be the banner Barley State in the Union. Most brewers buy their Barley on the Board of Trade, and get a mixed article; in fact, do not know where their Barley comes from.

Our Malt House is equipped with the Galland-Henning "Drum System," thus insuring us Slow-Grown 8-Day Malt. Most beer is made from 4 to 5-day Malt, which is made by an unnatural process, costs less, and is not healthy.

To obtain uniform Hops of the highest quality, we have made contracts with growers to take their entire crops. Our Hop Growers rank among the largest, oldest and most able in the country. We have taken the entire crops of some for the past thirty to fifty years. **We pay the highest price because we want the Best.**

The Water we use comes from the same bed of Lime Rock that Waukesha Water comes from, which city is located 12 miles West of our Brewery. We have three wells, each 2,000 feet deep into this rock, from which we draw our supply.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY, Distributors, 135-137-139 West 42d St., New York.

MILWAUKEE

Sticking to the Truth.

"Didn't you say Senator Grafton's conference with you had no political significance?"

"I did."

"But he told me he talked over the political situation with you."

"That's true. But since the last exposure nothing the senator does can have any political significance."—*Cleveland Press.*

Dyspeptic.

"He used to complain because he never got what he wanted to eat."

"Yes, but he's very rich now."

"Yes, and now he complains because he never wants what he gets to eat.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

What Did She Mean?

The Single One.—I am a great lover of dogs.

The Married One.—It seems strange if you have such a great liking for dogs that you never got married!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Job's patience is proverbial, but we shouldn't be a bit surprised if Mrs. Job's patience gave out sometimes.—*Somerville Journal.*

Regrets.

"I hear your machine killed a man yesterday. Of course, you must regret it."

"Regret it! Say, they're trying to make me pay the funeral expenses. And the machine was damaged at that."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine *par excellence.* It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Sole Makers. · Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

A RAY OF HOPE.

Hiram.—Goin' to give that apple butter to the teacher?

Si.—Yep. Heard Pop say last night that apple butter'd make ye sick, if y'ate enough of it.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

Brand's A1 SAUCE

NO MUTTON CHOP OR WELSH RABBIT COMPLETE WITHOUT IT.

The woman who has had six children isn't fashionable, of course, but she is mighty convenient to go to for advice when a woman's one baby has the colic.—*Somerville Journal.*

CHEW...

Beeman's

THE ORIGINAL

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

Drop it, kick it, or if you can think of a more severe test of safety, please make it — we accept any challenge. Our exclusive patent safety lever is the reason why accidental discharge is impossible, and it lifts the

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic Revolver

out of the "went-off-by-accident" class. This lever must be in place before the revolver hammer can touch the firing pin and can only be raised when you purposely pull the trigger.

Our Booklet "Shots" Mailed Free It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge, $5

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge, - - - - - $6

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 152 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co., 2330 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Cal. European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany. Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles and Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns

YOU GET USED TO IT.

"All my old friends tell me the first year is the trying one for married folk," remarked the bride. "They say that if you get through the first year you're all right."

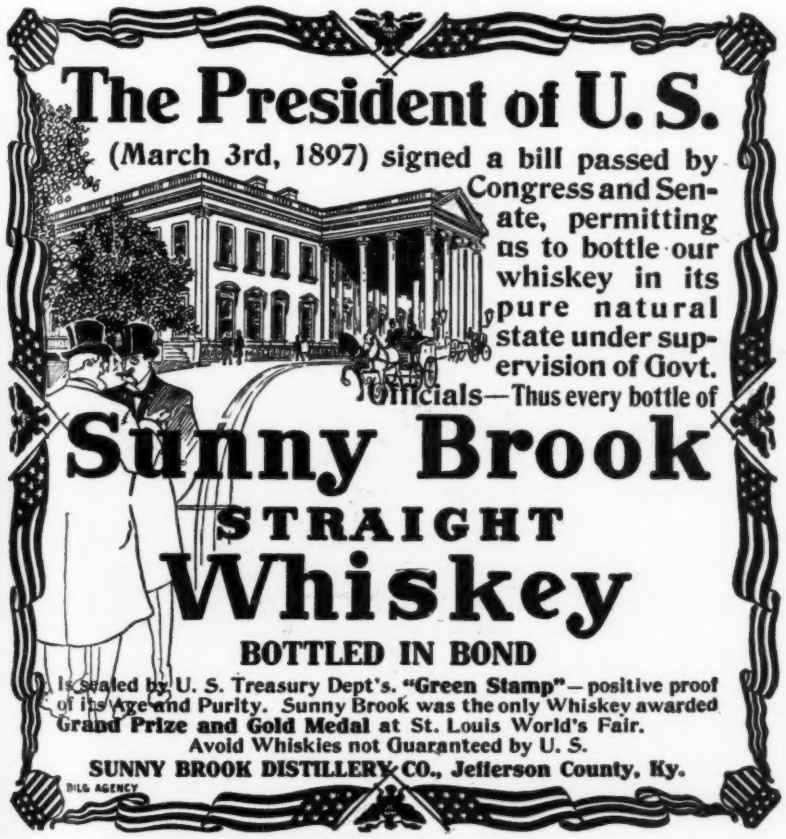
"Yes, that's true," said the woman who had celebrated her silver wedding. "You don't mind it much after the first year."—*Cleveland Press.*

OF course the small boy thinks that Fourth of July is a great day, but there isn't any dinner then, as there is Thanksgiving.—*Somerville Journal.*

AFTER a woman has been married a few months, her attitude toward her husband plainly says: "I will cook for you, and mend for you and try to be a good wife, but I will no longer worship you."—*Atchison Globe.*

The President of U. S.

(March 3rd, 1897) signed a bill passed by Congress and Senate, permitting us to bottle our whiskey in its pure natural state under supervision of Govt. Officials—Thus every bottle of



Sunny Brook STRAIGHT Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

Is Sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's. "Green Stamp"—positive proof of its Age and Purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair.

Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

DILG AGENCY

NOTHING NEW.

"Yes, she's gone back to live with her husband, but she's having trouble with him again."

"Oh, he's always bound to give her some new trouble."

"But this is only her last year's trouble made over."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

A Thrilling Story of American Business Life

Written by Broughton Brandenburg, President American Institute of Immigration. Don't fail to read it. It tells how a fortune was made and lost in tobacco speculations—how a sudden turn in the stock market, crippled a daring financier, how the death of his brother-in-law completed the financial ruin, and brought the delicately reared family to the verge of want. It also shows how a Prudential Life Insurance Policy for $50,000 saved the situation. The author says of The Prudential Policy:

"It stood out like a chimney-tower above the blackened ruins of a mansion that had been swept by fire."

The popularity of the above article has been such that The Prudential is issuing it in pamphlet form. Write at once for a copy. It costs you nothing.

Prudential Life Insurance Policies are popular because of their liberal provisions.

The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Prest. Dept. P Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

GOOD PROVIDERS.

SAM.—How come it Pete Kinkby kin afford dem clothes?

ROSE.—Why, doan' yo' know? Pete's got two wives.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

QUALIFIED.

WYLKYNS.—Is Bjenkyns a man that you can trust?

WATKYNS.—Bjenkyns? Oh, yes, Bjenkyns is all right. He's as honest as the day is long—at least, in the last part of December.—*Somerville Journal.*

A MAN has to have great self-control not to put on a superior air when another man asks him: "Have you ever been across the water?" and he answers: "Oh, yes, twelve or fifteen times."—*Somerville Journal.*

A Beefsteak is doubly nutritious and enjoyable when washed down with EVANS' ALE.

CERTAIN TO ATTRACT HIM.

"I am almost certain Pierpont Morgan will buy this book."

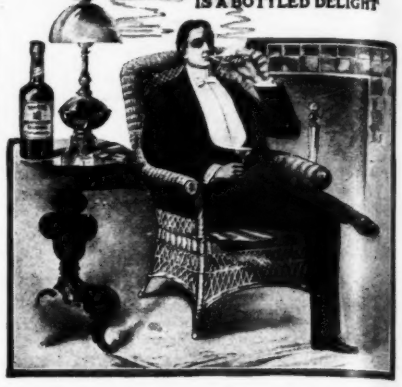
"Fine piece of work, is it?"

"Yes, but it isn't that. Every sheet of paper in it has a different water-mark."—*Cleveland Press.*

CHICAGO YOUTH.—I would like to marry your daughter.

BOSTON FATHER.—"Should like" "should like," young man! All right; you may have her.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Club Cocktail
IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



MOST Americans are connoisseurs in cocktails—and a connoisseur's taste demands uniformity in the flavor, strength and mixing of his favorite drink. There 's only one kind of uniformly good cocktail—CLUB COCKTAILS. Bar cocktails are slap-dash guess-work—good by accident—bad by rule—but never smooth or uniform to a cultivated taste. CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious flavor and aroma. Insist on CLUB.

Seven varieties—each one perfect.
Of all good grocers and dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

A WOMAN'S REASON.

MILLICENT.—What made you refuse Mr. Wilder's invitation to go walking with him? Don't you like him?

MILDRED.—Oh, yes, I like him well enough. But his red whiskers don't look well with my new pink hat.—*Somerville Journal.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

IT is very unwise for a married man to admit that he can tell the difference between a plush coat and a sealskin. If he does, his wife may insist on his buying her the real article.—*Somerville Journal.*

INDOLENCE.

CAKE WALK MANAGER.—Doan' seem to be no interes' in cake walks roun' hyah no moah.

ASSISTANT MANAGER.—Nopey; coons 'roun' hyah's so lazy dat nuffin suit 'em but a cake *ride*, I spect.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

Pears'

Everyone admires a clear complexion. It's an open secret that Pears' Soap has brought the glow of health to millions of fair faces.

Sold in America and every other country.

At your dealer's or direct at
Lowest Factory Prices

LOTS OF FUN FOR YOUR BOY

And what is of greater importance to you, Mother, there is health, strength, bright eyes and rosy cheeks for the youngsters in exercise with an

"IRISH MAIL"

The car that is endorsed by physicians everywhere. It is "Geared" for speed, yet built so low it CAN'T upset. Don't take a substitute. Look for name "Irish Mail" on the seat.

Patented. Write to-day for catalog.

HILL-STANDARD MFG. CO., 41 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana

COPYRIGHT 1906, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HE WAS TOLD SHE 'D BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.
By Stuart Travis.
Photogravure in Sepia, 19½ x 15 in. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

COPYRIGHT 1906, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.
By Shef Clarke.
Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK

MAKE HANDSOME DECORATIONS FOR
COLLEGE ROOMS
CLUB ROOMS
THE PARLOR
THE LIBRARY
THE "DEN"

SEND TEN CENTS FOR NEW CATALOGUE WITH OVER SIXTY MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS.

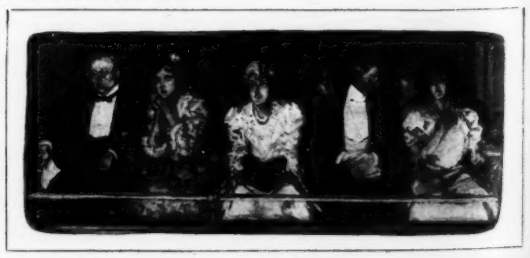
ADDRESS
PUCK
298-300 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK

Art Stores and Dealers supplied by
The Anderson Publishing Co.
32 Union Square, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1906, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HIGHER EDUCATION.
By Stuart Travis.
Photogravure in Sepia, 19½ x 15 in. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN



THE LOVE SCENE.
By Gordon H. Grant.
Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

I.W. HARPER RYE
ON EVERY TONGUE

Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

PROFICIENT.

"A woman is supposed to be a good cook," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "when she can fry onions without holding her nose." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

AN OLD-TIMER.

HOWELL. — Do you see that old fellow under the tree?

POWELL.—Yes.

HOWELL. — He was born in 1816.

POWELL.—I see; a case of ninety in the shade.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

EVERY reformatory institution should be situated in the country and have a farm connected with it, and the inmates shouldn't be compelled to devote all their time to raising crooked-necked squashes, either. — *Somerville Journal.*

★ ED. PINAUD'S ★

The longer you neglect the hair, the more trouble you will have some day coaxing it to grow. Begin now to use

ED. PINAUD'S
(Eau de Quinine)
HAIR TONIC

Send 10 cents (to pay for postage and packing) for a liberal sample.
PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. 89, ED. PINAUD BLDG., NEW YORK

★ HAIR TONIC ★

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bar Keeper's Friend

SEEMED AS IF IT SHOULD BE MORE.

THE FAT BOARDER. — I see the consumption of prunes in the United States exceeds 100,000,000 pounds a year.

THE THIN BOARDER. — Is that all?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ONE STRONG SPELL.

"That new typewriter of Merchant's is a pretty weak speller, isn't she?"

"Well, she's got a pretty strong spell on Merchant. They're engaged now."—*Phila. Ledger.*

HE REMEMBERED.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What kind of wood do they use most in tanning?"

"Well, when I went to school, my boy, they used birch." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

JOHN JAMESON
★★★
WHISKEY
Produced by the old-fashioned costly method of the pot-still.
The purest most wholesome whiskey in the world.
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
Sole Agents for U. S. A.
New York

THE Man Who Frets has begun already to worry about next Spring's housecleaning.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE REAL BOSS.

"Do you mind the motion of the ship much?"

"No, *I* don't, but I haven't heard from the inner man yet."

INTERRUPTIONS.

"I suppose you heard," said Lowe Comedy, "that Ranter made his debut in vaudeville last night."

"Yes," replied Hi Tragedy, "it was a monologue, wasn't it?"

"Not quite; he intended it to be, but the audience chimed in with a few choice remarks before he got fairly started."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

ITS FINISH.

NELL.—Isn't your new gown finished yet?

BELLE.—Gracious! No! the dressmaker's work on it was only completed last Saturday.

NELL.—But if the dressmaker's through, what else?

BELLE.—Oh, all my friends have to criticise it yet.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

IT IS a wise young man who, when he gets a home-made birthday present from a girl, knows immediately what it is intended for.—*Somerville Journal.*

GOLDEN SILENCE.

MOTHER.—You're very fond of your dolly, aren't you, dear?

LITTLE MARY.—Yes, she's nicer than anybody else I know.

MOTHER.—Oh! No; she's not nicer than your mamma, surely.

LITTLE MARY.—Yes, she is; 'cause she don't never 'sturb me when I'm talkin'.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE DEAR GIRLS.

FRED.—Nothing pleases a girl more than the devoted attentions of the man she loves.

TESS.—Oh, yes; there is something that pleases her more.

FRED.—What is it?

TESS.—The devoted attentions of the man some other girl loves.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

THE CONSEQUENCE.

"Is it true that Waldorf died poor?"

"Yes. You see, he lost his health chasing after fortune, and then lost his fortune chasing after health."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND

NOWHERE IN THE WORLD

Is there to be found such a variety of climate, scenery and resources as between the Missouri River, or the ninety-sixth meridian, and the Pacific Ocean. The best climate of every known country can be found in this area. Here nature not only equals but excels everything she has done for mankind.

Very Low Rates now in effect
VIA
UNION PACIFIC
AND CONNECTIONS
to Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington and California.

Inquire of
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.,
Omaha, Neb.

Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to the West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

I.
DAME GRUMPY.—Oh, thou vagabond! I have caught thee now, tippling on the sly!

II.
DAME GRUMPY.—Give me that bottle, wretched man, and I will throw it to the waves!

III.
GOODMAN GRUMPY.—Ecod! Mayhap her dog will fetch it back!

IV.
THE DOG. — Gurgle-urgle-urgle! Gulp-ulp-ulp!

V.
DAME GRUMPY.—Oh, horror! The beast is bewitched!

THE PUCK PRESS

VI.
GOODMAN GRUMPY AND DOG.—Oh, we won't—gurgle-urgle—go home till—urgle—morning—gulp-ulp-ulp!

THE PUP THAT WOULD A-TIPPLING GO.